

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



BLITTERMAN DOESN'T LIKE IT.

THE TALL MAN.

BY GUSTAV NIERITZ.

CHAPTER I.

HERR LEO LIBRECHT, a rich merchant of Frankfort-on-the-Main, rose from the leatheren chair behind his office desk, as the clock of the cathedral struck half-past eleven a.m.

He stood like a tower—or like Saul of old, being

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taller by the head and shoulders than any of his fellows. Librecht had, indeed, a royal and majestic presence; he did not stoop from the neck, or give way in the knees, like many tall men, but he carried himself as a king is supposed to do, and his breadth of chest was equal to his length of limb; altogether he was a magnificent specimen of manhood.

"Blitterman," said he to his book-keeper, who had been writing on the opposite side of the desk, "it is time to go to our task; and the large saw has been

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

so well set and sharpened we shall get through double work to-day."

"I am always at your command, sir," replied the clerk, in an obsequious tone, whilst an expression of dislike and disgust crossed his face, which he concealed by leaning over the table, apparently to discharge the ink out of his pen into the inkstand.

Herr Librecht left his office on the ground floor, obediently followed by his clerk, who relieved his feelings by a gesture of contempt, which his master neither saw nor suspected. Near the door of the office, where the passage was encumbered by bales, chests, and casks, some filled and others partly empty, they met the nurse, with a little boy about nine months old in her arms, whilst another, who might be about four years old, was clinging to her dress. Librecht gave the youngest a kiss on his chubby rosy cheek, passed his hand fondly through the curls of the elder boy, and went out through the back door into a somewhat dark courtyard, surrounded on all sides by high fireproof walls.

Here he took off his coat, hung it carefully on a nail, and opening the door of the wood-house, he brought out a chopping-block, two axes, a double saw, and two blue linen aprons, one of which he put on himself, and handed the other to his clerk.

"How much there is in habit," he observed in a pleasant tone, as he laid one of the great logs on the block and adjusted the saw, one end of which he put into the unwilling hands of his companion, whilst he took the other himself. "At first I used to feel absolutely fatigued when I got to my second log, and was quite out of breath, but now I do not feel the exertion, and hope soon to manage my *klaften* of wood a day like any regular wood-cutter. Exercise like this does one more good than even walking; sedentary men require this peculiar exercise. Dr. Gumbicher maintains that it not only strengthens the muscles, but purifies the blood, keeps down corpulence, to say nothing of its influence on sleep and digestion. But, dear me, Blitterman! how you are panting! pull the saw straight, or the best set saw will be ruined. If all your breath is gone, let go the saw and rest awhile."

The book-keeper did not need twice telling. He put both hands behind his back, and looked indeed most thankful.

"Why positively, you look quite handsome after your exertions! If you always had such a colour it would be entirely due to this fine exercise."

The book-keeper glanced at his master with a malignant expression in his deep-set eyes, which his master did not notice, but went on composedly with his labour, in which his reluctant assistant, after a short pause, again took part. When the logs had all been sawed to a regular length, the business of chopping them into smaller pieces commenced. Suddenly Blitterman let his axe fall with a heavy crash.

"What is the matter?" said his master, looking up. The clerk was going through a pantomime expressive of great suffering.

"I have hurt my hand," he said piteously. "It bleeds—it hurts dreadfully! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Ah, we must all buy our experience," said his master, quietly. "I have got used to all that; there is not much harm done; it is only a scratch, and you will become more dexterous in time."

He resumed his occupation, and the wood fell in plentiful chips all around him.

Another, and this time a louder, cry of pain from the clerk startled his master.

Blitterman had doubled himself up like a clasp-knife, and was holding his leg with both hands.

"What is the matter?" said Librecht, throwing down his axe. "Have you driven the axe into your leg?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Blitterman, writhing and speaking as though in grievous pain; "but that heavy piece of wood you were chopping flew against my leg with the force of a bomb-shell, and has crushed it dreadfully."

"That is not very likely," said Librecht, coolly, "but take off your shoe and stocking, and let me see the extent of the damage. I shall be very sorry if your leg is broken, or even bruised; but you shall have a doctor and be well taken care of if there be any injury. But let me see it, that we may know the worst."

"Perhaps it may not be quite broken," said the clerk, who made no attempt to remove the stocking; "but I am sure that it is very badly grazed, so that I shall walk lame, I fear; and oh! my hand! my right hand! I shall not be able to hold a pen for some time. It all comes from this wood-cutting. I am not used to such work, and I hate it."

"I never wished to force you to it," said Librecht, kindly, for he saw that his clerk was frightened if not much hurt. "I asked you with the best intentions; I thought the exercise would be as good for you as for me. However, in future, Siegart, the market-servant, shall work with me instead of you. It will be easy to him, and he can really help me better than you can."

"Surely you are joking, sir!" said Blitterman; "you cannot really intend that your servant should join you in this occupation!"

"Why not?" said Librecht; "you and I work together in the office; wood-cutting is part of Siegart's work, which he understands better than either of us. Why should we despise him? I shall be glad to let him teach me. You seem to forget that we are under One who made us all, and gave us each our place and our work."

Blitterman was silent, and sullenly continued to rub his leg. Strange as it may seem, whilst he hated chopping and sawing wood, he felt jealous and aggrieved because his master was about to dispense with him and take Siegart in his stead.

By this time it was twelve o'clock—the hour of dinner. Librecht put away his tools, took off his apron, and resumed his usual neat and scrupulously-arranged every-day costume. He proceeded to the dining-room, followed by Blitterman, who considered himself obliged to limp, as though walking gave him great pain.

The dining-room was a handsome and spacious apartment, substantially furnished. The family was already assembled, and stood round a well-spread table, waiting for the master of the house. Librecht and Blitterman took their places, and the eldest son, a boy of six years old, folding his hands, said grace with a touching voice and devout manner.

The master began to help the soup. His "pretty young wife, Frau Librecht, in her bright chintz gown, wearing a snow-white cap on her dark, glossy, brown hair, and an equally white apron with a bib, passed round the soup plates as fast as her husband filled them. The first to receive her portion was a pleasant-looking, cheerful old lady, Librecht's mother,

who occupied the seat of honour near the master of the house. On one side of the table sat Blitterman, who had ostentatiously bound his handkerchief round his hand; next to him came the three clerks, according to their seniority; then the apprentice, a relative of Librecht—he had only lately joined the establishment. The nurse and the two younger children were seated at a low table placed in one of the window recesses. Two well-painted portraits in oil hung on the wall; one represented Librecht's father, who had died some years ago, and the other was the handsome old lady, his mother, now sitting beside him. The father was drawn with a letter in his hand and a pen behind his ear, denoting his calling as a merchant. The lady in her portrait had a green parrot on her outstretched finger, the original of which still survived, though its plumage had grown somewhat shabby. It was now to be seen in a bright brass cage, which hung near the window.

The clerks and the apprentice ate their dinner in modest silence, but Blitterman, the book-keeper, ventured now and then to join in the conversation that was carried on by the members of the family.

"Will not our dear mother be helped a second time?" asked Frau Librecht.

The old lady declined.

"If our dear mother always ate so little, I wonder how she ever became the mother of so large a son!"

"His father was a fine man," said the old lady, with a loving smile at her gigantic son; "but he was never so fine a man as my Leo."

"Bertram," cried the young Frau Librecht to the apprentice, "do not hold your spoon so awkwardly; we shall have all the blame if your manners are bad."

This appeal caused the young man to blush painfully, and to drop his spoon altogether, which fell with a splash into his soup.

"Was my husband in his childhood fed on lion's milk, as they say *Augustus the Strong* was?" asked Frau Librecht.

"He had ass's milk, not lion's milk," replied the old lady, simply. A sneer passed over the face of the book-keeper. "My Librecht, on account of his rapid growth, somewhat outgrew his strength, and the doctors ordered ass's milk for him, which, as you see, did him a great deal of good."

"How I should like to be as big a man as my father when I grow up!" said Adolphus, the eldest son, "or even bigger; for then I should be a giant, and could show myself for money."

"Indeed, I wish nothing of the kind," said his mother. "For a long time I was afraid of my husband, and even now, if he were not so good and mild, I should die of fear!"

Librecht bent down and impressed a kiss on the fair, pure forehead of his wife, and said: "Thanks, dear one, for thy praise; I will try to deserve it. But, indeed, I should not be sorry to be a little less tall. I find my height is sometimes embarrassing. Strangers look at me as though I were a curiosity; and when I have to pass through any doorway where I have not been, I have to measure it with my eye, and see how low I must bend. At any public place some one is sure to tap me on the shoulder and bid me sit down, when I am seated all the time. Tailors and shoemakers charge me double, for they say I require so much more material than their ordinary customers; and, except at home, no bed is long enough for me. When in a carriage I am

obliged to stoop down to be able to sit in it at all. Indeed, my dear little son, you do not know what you are wishing for!"

"You must not complain against the Lord," said the old lady, reprovingly. "It is he who made you what you are. He gives to all the gifts he sees best for them."

"Far be it from me," said Librecht; "I only wished to show Adolphus that he had better not wish to be bigger than I am. I acknowledge, with deep gratitude, the blessings God has given me; and you, my dear mother, and my dear wife and children, make me feel thankful all the day long."

A dead silence followed this speech, during which the plates were changed, and the young mistress of the house suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! Herr Blitterman, you seem to have a bad hand; what is the matter?"

The book-keeper blinked his eyes, and looking first on his mistress and then on his bandaged hand, replied, with some constraint, "It is nothing much; only a little painful, which will make it difficult for me to write for a while; but I trust it will soon be well."

"He means he has had enough of wood-cutting," said Herr Librecht, laughing, "and he declines to do any more. Siegart, the market-servant, must help me in future."

"It was no joke to have that heavy piece of wood strike me on my shin bone," said Blitterman, with asperity; "and if your servant can supply my place, why should you ask me? We cannot serve two masters, it is said, and wood-cutting and book-keeping agree as little as being a market-servant would become a book-keeper."

"Every one has his own opinion," said Librecht. "I find wood-cutting for a certain portion of each day a healthful exercise. You will acknowledge when too late that you would have done better to follow my example."

"I think I shall find out quite the contrary," muttered Blitterman to himself, but he made no reply that was audible.

CHAPTER II.—A GREAT CALAMITY.

ABOUT a fortnight later—it was the autumn of 1737—there was great sorrow in the Librecht household. Leo Librecht, the rich merchant, had disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him, nor could obtain the slightest clue to him. Bertram, the young apprentice, who was the last person who had seen him, said that a boy brought a letter to the office, which he said was urgent; that after reading it Herr Librecht seemed agitated, took his hat, went out, and that was the last that was known of him that dusk autumn evening.

The household had sat up watching for his return hour after hour, but the hours had lengthened into days, and still no information could be obtained, and conjecture was at fault. He was a prosperous man; a religious man, doting on his wife and family, and, so far as was known, did not possess an enemy in the world! It seemed as though the earth had swallowed him up, leaving no trace.

In all this sorrowful time, no one distinguished himself in sympathy and activity so much as the sullen, taciturn book-keeper, Blitterman. He seemed to have changed his nature; but his efforts to discover the lost merchant were as fruitless as those of all the other friends who sought for him. At last

the terrible mystery which surrounded his fate was dissipated. A peasant woman handed in at the gate of the merchant's house a letter directed,

"To Frau Agnes Librecht (the younger),
"Miengasse No. 6,
"Frankfort $\frac{1}{M}$

"To be given into her own hands."

Agnes withdrew into a room where she could be alone to open her letter. It seemed fortunate that the book-keeper should have waited near the chamber door, listening to every sound, for scarcely a moment had elapsed before a sharp cry and a heavy fall were heard within. Blitterman rushed in, and found the young wife senseless on the floor, with the letter in her hand. He took it and glanced over it, and then endeavoured to restore Agnes to consciousness. After a short time Frau Librecht opened her eyes, but seemed to have forgotten how she came to be there with Blitterman standing over her.

"Poor lady!" said a sympathising voice, "it is a heavy trouble, but bear up; try to endure this sad affliction; command yourself. You have an aged mother whose few remaining years must be spared all unavailing sorrow. You have his children, you must wish they should respect their father's memory, and you have your husband's reputation, which you must jealously guard. All—everything, will depend on your courage."

Agnes put her hands before her ghostly face with a shudder. Removing them again, she said, in a choking voice, "Are you, then, aware of the extent of our misery?"

"I only guess it from the few words which caught my eye when I picked up the letter in Herr Librecht's own handwriting. You will do well, lady, to let no one see it."

The paper rustled as she received it in her trembling hands.

"Is it true, then?" she asked. "Is it not a dream?"

Blitterman shook his head in silence. "If I had not read it in his own handwriting I should not have thought it possible."

"Oh, if he had only known how much we all loved him," said Agnes, "he could never have left us in this dreadful manner."

"He may have had great losses in his business of which I am ignorant," said Blitterman; "but still I cannot understand that any distress should so have wrought upon him as to make him forgetful of—of—all he held most dear. But I conjure you, for the sake of your children, to keep this letter a secret, and to hide its contents from all the world. On your courage, on your fortitude, depends the future welfare of your children. It is you who must preserve them from the shadow that would rest upon them if the true secret of their father's disappearance became known."

Agnes listened stupefied, bewildered. At length the sound of his voice roused her. "Go!" said she; "go! I cannot bear to have any one with me. You have no right to come here. Go away."

"Alas! poor lady, your mind is overpowered with this great calamity."

Agnes had again fallen into a state of stupor, and Blitterman judged it best to leave her alone, which he did, walking away with noiseless footsteps, and closing the door with elaborate precaution. His face wore an expression of malignant triumph for a moment, until he deemed it prudent to assume a

grave and decorous composure suitable to the situation.

Left alone, Agnes gazed at the letter, which contained but few lines. The writing appeared scarcely like that of her husband. The contents were as follows:—

"My dearly-loved Agnes,—Forgive me, and do not hate my memory; when this reaches you the waters of the river will have closed over me—you will see my form no more, living or dead. I am miserable, I can endure life no longer—my enormous height of stature is a torment. I know it has kept you in dread of me, and now that poverty and ruin stare me in the face, I will at least relieve you from the burden of my presence. You and your children will be happier after awhile, and it is better for you all that I should die; I should only bring worse evils on you all. My poor mother! comfort her, for she loved her son. In all business matters, you may trust Blitterman. He will be a friend to you; and he knew all my mind. May you be happier than I could ever make you."

"LIBRECHT HIEBENDAHL."

ANIMAL DISGUISES.

THERE are cases in which colour serves as a disguise to a wild animal, enabling it the better to avoid its enemies and to steal upon its prey. Such disguises either take the form of a more or less close resemblance to surrounding inorganic and vegetable substances; or of what is known as "mimicry," in which one animal assumes the colouring characteristic of another for protective purposes, as when a harmless moth assumes the livery of a wasp, and is left untouched by the enemies of the moth tribe, from their wholesome dread of the sting.

Dealing with the first class of disguises, and beginning with the Polar regions, with their unbroken monotony of snow and ice, it is a remarkable fact that there alone are quadrupeds found whose normal colour is white. Every quarter of the globe has its own kind of bear, but it is only amid the silence of Arctic snows that the white bear prowls. Many other animals indigenous to these regions are similarly clothed.

Where the colour is other than white, the habits of these animals are generally such as would render a disguise of this kind unnecessary, as in the case of burrowing animals. But for creatures seeking their prey by stealth on the surface, or for weak species whose sole chance of survival lies in their ability to avoid the strong, it is evident that such an assimilation of their colour to surrounding objects must be highly useful if not indispensable.

White examples of many of our native animals are not unknown. A white sparrow or a white crow may be seen occasionally among a flock of these birds; white varieties of mice, rabbits, and pigeons are not uncommon; but it is evident that in the wild state these, from the conspicuousness of their colouring in a land of brown heath and of cultivated ground, would fall an easy prey to their enemies. It is only when domesticated, and consequently protected by man, as in the case of the rabbit and pigeon, that a white variety can be preserved.

Leaving regions of perpetual snow for lands where the long winter is succeeded by a short, warm summer, sufficient however to melt the snow from all

but the higher mountain tops, a most remarkable phenomenon in connection with the colouring of certain animals may be observed. These are white as snow in winter, but on the approach of summer, the fur or plumage, as the case may be, gradually assumes a colour more in keeping with the altered aspect of nature. Examples of this are to be found in the Arctic fox, in many of the martens whose white furs are so valuable, and in the Alpine hare found in the Scottish Highlands. Many northern birds also undergo a similar change. Of these the best known and most remarkable is the common ptarmigan or grouse, which, while protected by its almost snow-white plumage in winter, is equally protected in summer by its coat of heather grey. How common as one travels over a Highland moor to be startled by the sudden rising of a covey of these birds at our feet, which had they not moved, might have escaped observation from the close resemblance of their plumage to the lichen-coloured stones on which they rested.

Those birds and insects which in our climate pursue their prey by night, or in the dim twilight, are usually rendered inconspicuous by their sombre colouring, while the plumage of birds which build their nests on the ground harmonises admirably with the colour of the soil.

Coming to warmer regions of the earth, where the soil for the most part is hidden in a mass of luxuriant vegetation, crowned with the most varied and brilliantly coloured flowers, the animal world is seen to attain its brightest hues, and these regions present us with some of the finest examples of protective resemblance. Amid forests of perpetual green, butterflies and birds wing their way through leafy labyrinths; tree frogs, lizards, and whip snakes bask among the branches, all dressed, as out of compliment to their home, in tints of green. The stripes on the tiger's skin appear as if designed to imitate the stalks of the bamboos which abound in its jungle haunts, while its near allies, the leopard and the jaguar, leading an arboreal existence, have exchanged the family stripes for spots, which harmonise better with a leafy background.

It is among tropical insects, however, that the most striking illustrations of our subject are to be found, and for the discovery of these we are mainly indebted to the labours of Messrs. Bates and Wallace. Thus a certain species of beetle confined to a particular tree found growing on the banks of the Amazon, so closely resembles its bark as not to be discernible when motionless. Another family of insects—the Phasmidae—contains what is termed the Leaf Insect, the wings and even legs of which are so modified as to resemble in shape and colour the leaves among which its existence is passed; thus some imitate the green tints of spring, some the brown of autumn, others the dead and decaying aspect of winter; while in some cases the same insect exhibits in the course of its life all the changes of colour to which the leaf is successively subject. Closely allied to the walking-leaf are the walking-stick insects, so called from their close resemblance to the bits of dead stick or twigs among which they move; the deception in this case is heightened by the unsymmetrical way in which they dispose their legs when at rest, giving the latter the appearance of slender twigs growing off the main stem. Mr. Wallace has had them brought to him covered over with what appeared to be a moss or fungus such as

usually grew over the dead twigs in the same locality, and only a close examination could convince him that such was not the case, but that the supposed moss was part of the insect. The writer has now before him one of these insects recently brought from New Zealand, in which the deception is rendered more complete by means of the little thorny projections with which the stick-like body is dotted over.

Among butterflies there are numerous examples, but none so perfect as the Malay *Kallima paralekta*. The upper surfaces of the wings of this insect are adorned with brilliant colours which render it a conspicuous object when on the wing, and would be an undoubted source of danger to it, did not the rapidity of its flight form a sufficient protection. No sooner does it settle, however, than it becomes invisible. The under surfaces of the wings are, as is the case with all butterflies, the only ones exposed, and although they vary so that in no two specimens are they found exactly to agree, in every case they form a perfect representation of a leaf in some stage or other of decay. This, however, would be of little use to the insect did it not dispose of the rest of its body so as to bear out the deception written on its wings. This it does, and Mr. Wallace tells us how: "The habit of the species is always to rest on a twig and among dead or dried leaves, and in this position with the wings closely pressed together their outline is exactly that of a moderately-sized leaf slightly curved or shrivelled. The tail of the hind wings forms a perfect stalk, and touches the stick while the insect is supported by the middle pair of legs, which are not noticed among the twigs and fibres that surround it. The head and antennae are drawn back between the wings so as to be quite concealed, and there is a little notch hollowed out at the very base of the wings which allows the head to be retracted sufficiently. All these varied details," he concludes, "combine to produce a disguise that is so complete and marvellous as to astonish every one who observes it."

Passing from the fertile regions of the tropics to the deserts, we meet with very similar phenomena. The monotony of Arctic snow is here replaced by that of burning sand, and animal nature responsive assumes a garb of tawny yellow. The lion of Libyan deserts will at once suggest itself as an example of a desert-coloured animal. "Without exception the upper plumage of every bird, whether lark, chat, sylvian, or sand grouse, and also the fur of all the smaller mammals, and the skin of all the snakes and lizards, is of one uniform isabelline or sand colour," so says a traveller and naturalist who had evidence of it with his own eyes. Nor is it on land only that instances of protective resemblance are to be found; they occur also, if not so frequently or so strikingly, among the inhabitants of the deep. To take the case of an amphibious animal: the back of the crocodile so resembles the gnarled bark of a tree that as it allows itself to float motionless down the stream it might readily be mistaken for a lifeless log of wood by its luckless victims. The upper surfaces of flat fishes approximate so closely in colour to the ground on which they lie as to be unseen when at rest. Many fishes, such as trout, assume a lighter or a darker hue according to the colour of the water in which they live, and we have seen minnows and sticklebacks, transferred from their native burns to an aquarium, modify their colour in a few hours, so as to harmonise with their changed surroundings.

ANIMAL DISGUISES.

The shrimp, seen as it darts from point to point in the pool left by the receding tide, but totally invisible when at rest, finds thus no doubt a protection from its numerous enemies. Among the lower orders of marine animals similar cases occur, and as the attention of naturalists has been turned to this subject, examples are being continually added, but the above may suffice as examples of the first kind of animal disguise.

The term "mimicry," first applied by Mr. Bates to the phenomena next to be described, is misleading in so far as it conveys the idea of conscious imitation. No one supposes that these resemblances are due in any degree to the will of the creature exhibiting them, still the term is loosely expressive, and the temptation to employ it will readily appear on a perusal of the facts. It was among the butterflies of South America that the naturalist already mentioned had his attention first prominently turned to the subject of mimicry. An extensive family of butterflies—the *Heliconidæ*—inhabit these regions, distinguished from all others by their long narrow wings, conspicuously marked with spots and bands of yellow, black, and red. Such gaudy colouring, conjoined, as it is in their case, with singularly weak powers of flight, might well be supposed to render them peculiarly liable to the attacks of insect-eating birds. The opposite, however, is the case, and this led to the conjecture which has since been amply verified, that they were provided with some special means of protection. The *Heliconidæ*, it is found, have an offensive odour, and when seized exude a nauseous fluid which renders them so unpalatable as to be invariably rejected by all insect-eating creatures. Examining the remains of insects that had been thus destroyed, Mr. Bates never discovered the slightest trace of a *Helicon*, and a recent traveller in Central America had a similar experience both with regard to birds and other animals. "My tame white monkey," he says, "was extremely fond of insects, and would greedily munch up any beetle or butterfly given to him. I used to bring him any insects that I found imitated by others to see whether they were distasteful or not. I found he would never eat the *Heliconidæ*. He was too polite not to take them when they were offered to him, and would sometimes smell them, but invariably rolled them up in his hand and dropped them quietly again after a few minutes. A long species of spider also used to drop them out of its web when I put them into it." In the same districts inhabited by these gaudy but nauseous insects, are found several species of butterflies, belonging to a distinct family, the members of which, with a few exceptions, differ altogether in size, form, and colour from the *Heliconidæ*, resembling somewhat our common cabbage butterfly. The exceptional species, however, have discarded the family contour and colours and adopted those of their protected neighbours, and this so faithfully as at first sight to deceive even practised entomologists. By means of this disguise they no doubt share in the general immunity from attack enjoyed by their models.

It has also been observed by naturalists that the number of individuals belonging to the *imitated* species is enormously in excess of those *imitating*, and this probably helps the success of the disguise, for had the chance of seizing the palatable species—and those disguised butterflies are all edible—been about equal to that of seizing an unsavoury one, insectivorous

birds might have been tempted to attack both in the hope of securing the former. But these are not the sole imitators of the *Heliconidæ*; several species of another family of butterflies, and no fewer than three kinds of moths, find it to their advantage to put on a similar disguise—a disguise extending not only to the characteristic colouring but also to the peculiar shape of the wings and body. Among East Indian butterflies there are two families which seem to take the place of the *Heliconidæ* in the Old World; they are quite as nauseous, both in taste and odour, as their American cousins, and are similarly rejected by all insect eaters. These also are mimicked by numerous forms structurally distinct. So complete, however, in these cases is the disguise, that a distinguished entomologist is said to have had one of the mimetic forms placed in his cabinet, instead of its model, for a considerable time without noticing the deception. Need we wonder after this that the feathered tribes should be similarly imposed upon!

Most of the orders of insects supply illustrations of distinct mimicry, and the imitating form often belongs not to a different family merely, but even to a different order. Thus in our own country two families of moths, instead of the thick scaly wings which characterise the whole group, and which has given them the name of *Lepidoptera*, or "scaly-winged," have clear wings like wasps and bees, and in other respects so resemble these stinging insects as to have received such specific names as "wasp-like," "bee-like," "hornet-like," etc. These, together with certain flies whose young feed on the larva of the bee, and which find their resemblance to that insect of vital importance in enabling them to steal unobserved into the hive and there deposit their eggs, form the best examples of mimicry in this country. It is in tropical countries, however, that mimicry, like protective resemblance, is oftenest met with. Thus fireflies are a family of insects distasteful to birds, and consequently they have found a host of imitators. While travelling in Nicaragua, Mr. Belt observed various species of cockroaches so like fireflies in colour and shape as not to be distinguishable without examination, and in these cases, as in many others, he noticed that the imitating insects had with the livery assumed the habits of their models, the cockroaches, instead of hiding in crevices and under logs, as is their wont, exposing themselves during the day on the surface like fireflies. The same naturalist on another occasion found that what he had taken for a hairy caterpillar was in reality a long-horned beetle, covered with hair, among which it concealed its antennæ. Now all hairy, or spinous, caterpillars are rejected by insectivorous birds, and as in this instance the beetle was associated with real caterpillars, it must have found in this rather lowly disguise a considerable amount of protection. Many species of beetles are provided on their upper surfaces with a hard case, like the shell of a tortoise, which the enemies of their tribe have learnt to let alone, and these are largely imitated by species not so shielded. As mentioned already, wasps and bees are mimicked in this country by moths and flies, but probably there is no group of insects more widely imitated, as there is no group better provided with defensive weapons. These wasp-like imitators occur in all quarters of the globe and belong to widely different orders. Thus in Central America Mr. Belt captured a bug, in the belief that it was a hornet. In South America there is a long-horned beetle

which bears in the same covered with tufts so mimetic power the abdomen a wasp the net with another a birds, another species. and in bodies ponding but in one wholly different. Perhaps which Mr. from the viper, and a caterpillar examples the concluding of insects such as *Neurotus*, are imitation to be a rule insects are winging, and This rule among all tells of a daytime evidently concluded security was uneatable, offered the even to turn one up, but jerking al throw off s. Among are rare, birds. So an exceed which can with the the peculiar black, which exceptions found in the poison bad reput where the harmless to its poi to the dece intruders. birds, cuckoo appearance bably are of strength and. But the m birds is a researches island of which is c belonging to it is intere

which bears the closest resemblance to a bee found in the same neighbourhood, having its body thickly covered with hair, and its legs bearing those little tufts so useful to the bee, but of no use unless for mimetic purposes to the beetle. Another species has the abdomen banded with yellow, and so resembles a wasp that Mr. Bates was afraid to take it from the net with his fingers. The stinging ants form another group of insects avoided by insectivorous birds, and they form models for many imitating species. These ants occur in America and in Africa, and in both regions they are accompanied by corresponding mimetic forms; these are usually beetles, but in one instance at least a spider, belonging to a wholly different class of animals, is the imitator. Perhaps the most wonderful case of all is that in which Mr. Bates was startled at what he supposed from the markings of its body to be a poisonous viper, and what on closer acquaintance proved to be a caterpillar. From these and a host of other examples, mainly derived from the insect world, the conclusion seems justified that the great majority of insects provided with special means of protection, such as nauseous odours, juices, or stinging apparatus, are also the subjects of more or less perfect imitation by insects not so favoured, while it seems to be a rule of pretty general application that such insects are adorned with gaudy, conspicuous colouring, and are destitute of protective resemblances. This rule seems also to hold to a certain extent among animals higher in the scale. Thus Mr. Belt tells of a species of frog that hopped about in the daytime dressed in a bright livery of red and blue, evidently not courting concealment. He at once concluded from these facts, and "from the happy security with which it hopped about" that it must be uneatable, and taking home some specimens he offered them to his hens and ducks. They refused even to touch them, till at length a duckling took one up, but only to throw it instantly from its mouth, jerking about its head afterwards as if trying to throw off some unpleasant taste.

Among vertebrate animals the cases of mimicry are rare, and are mainly confined to reptiles and birds. South America possesses several species of an exceedingly poisonous set of snakes—Elaps, which can be readily distinguished from all others, with the exceptions presently to be mentioned, by the peculiar ring-like bands of reddish brown and black, which alternate along their bodies. The exceptions are a few species of harmless snakes found in the same localities, which closely imitate the poisonous elaps, and thus find security in the bad reputation of their models. In South Africa, where the deadly night adder abounds, there is a harmless snake which bears a general resemblance to its poisonous neighbour, but which greatly adds to the deception by dilating its neck and darting at intruders after the manner of the adder. Among birds, cuckoos bear a striking resemblance in external appearance to the smaller birds of prey, and probably are on this account credited with an amount of strength and courage which they can lay no claim to. But the most remarkable example of mimicry among birds is that observed by Wallace during his researches in the Malay Archipelago. In the island of Bouru, he tells us, there is a friar bird which is evidently mimicked by an oriole—a bird belonging to a different family; and in this case it is interesting to observe how similarity in external

appearance may be produced by quite dissimilar means. The oriole has lost the yellow colouring characteristic of its family, and has assumed the more sombre hues of the bird it mimics. The latter has a bare black patch surrounding each of its eyes; this is imitated in the oriole by a patch of black feathers. The pale ruff on the nape of the neck, to which the friar bird owes its name, and which is formed of curiously recurved feathers, is represented in the oriole by a pale band in a similar position; while the protuberance on the bill characteristic of the friar birds is repeated in the oriole. In the adjoining island of Ceram there is another species of friar bird, differing from the former in certain details of colour, and along with it also is found a mimetic species of oriole. The latter are known to be weak, defenceless birds, whereas the friar birds are strong and pugnacious, and go in flocks so that they can hold their own against the smaller birds of prey, and thus doubtless the oriole is benefited by the disguise. Such are a few examples of "mimicry," taken from an ever-increasing body of such cases, for which we are mainly indebted to the painstaking observations of recent scientific travellers; and taken in connection with the facts of "protective resemblance" previously stated, they form a series of phenomena of the greatest interest to the student of biological science.

T. G.

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.

CHAPTER II.

AT the time when George II came to the throne (1727) Caricature had become popular with nearly all classes in England. The collapse of the bubble mania, though it deprived the pictorial satirists of one fertile subject, left them abundance of others in the field of politics, and in that of social fashions, frailties, and frivolities. It became a sort of tacit rule to laugh at offences of a social kind, instead of seriously rebuking them, and there can be little doubt that some reform at least was now and then effected by the shafts of ridicule, which could hardly have been brought about by any other means. The demand for caricatures increased as they grew more pointed and personal; and as English talent was rare, and English limners were comparatively novices in the business, the Dutch and French designers met with a good share of encouragement, and continued for a long time to contribute a great part of the supply. There are few names of any note to be mentioned in connection with this period until we come to Hogarth; indeed we might say there was no Englishman of any remarkable talent, with the single exception of Francis le Piper (whom the historians of Caricature have somehow managed to overlook, perhaps in consequence of his being an amateur and a gentleman of fortune), who has much claim to be remembered. Le Piper was born in Kent, towards the close of the seventeenth century, and died in 1740. We are not aware that he even had any connection with publishers, or sent forth anything bearing his name, though he may have done so; but from the few specimens of his pen-and-ink drawings and sham cameos, which we once had the opportunity of examining, we should say that he was rarely equalled, and perhaps never surpassed in the delineation of the *outré*, the ridiculous and absurd, as far as such elements of fun can be

embodied in the human countenance. He was a tolerably skilful painter in oils, as well as a good draughtsman, and among other performances executed various groups in counterfeit bas-relief, which, from the grotesque mingling of the classic with the comic, were ridiculous and mirth-provoking almost beyond expression.

William Hogarth, beyond all question the most meritorious painter of men and manners that Britain has produced, was born in London in the year 1697. He was the son of a schoolmaster and compiler of school-books, who bound him apprentice at an early age to a jeweller and steel-plate engraver. From childhood Hogarth had delighted in drawing, and, to use his own expression, was scarcely ever without a pencil in his hand. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he set up in business, doing the ordinary shop work of an engraver, while at the same time steadily studying the arts of design, which he occasionally turned to account in illustrating books for publishers. It was not until he had passed thirty that he began to practise as a painter. Attending at the academy of Sir James Thornhill, he there fell in with that gentleman's only daughter, with whom he contracted a clandestine marriage, to the great anger of her father, who, however, afterwards became reconciled to him on witnessing the proofs of his genius. It is not easy to imagine how this genius of Hogarth was developed and matured to the excellence he ultimately reached. He had no exemplars for imitation, no rivals to emulate, no masters to instruct him; solely to the force of his own original talent, and diligent persistence in practice, can his wondrous success be attributed. His aim, as a painter, almost from the first, was to dramatise upon canvas the different phases of social life, and by a series of pictures to illustrate the domestic history of his age. It was inevitable, looking to the constituents of society at any period, and especially the period at which he lived, that an artist who should work with such an aim would have to deal largely with satire, and as satire happened to be Hogarth's peculiar forte, it followed that it was the frailties, the follies, inconsistencies, absurdities, and the predominant vices of the world around him that came in for the largest share of his attention. It is the too exclusive application of his genius to the bad side of humanity, and the peculiar humour with which he treated it, that gained for Hogarth the reputation of a caricaturist, and to a great extent robbed him of the far higher reputation which he deserved, but hardly gained from his contemporaries, or their successors of more than one generation. Of caricature in a literal sense (the sense of overloading) there is very little to be found in the several series of his great moral works, the pictorial dramas with which he has enriched and instructed his countrymen.

It is evident that Hogarth himself had an assured conviction that he was misapprehended in this matter, for we see him now and then drawing the line between character and caricature, and insisting on the distinction, which to him, whatever it may have been to others, was perfectly clear. In one of his occasional prints, entitled "Character and Caricature," we have the same faces given as characters, and also exaggerated into caricatures. Further, in his "Analysis of Beauty," he has an "Essay on the Art of Caricature," in which he reduces the art to a system, simplifying it, and teaching it as one might teach a mechanical process. Some of his precepts are suffi-

ciently curious in their analogy with rules of grammar. Thus he takes the human head in its several features: first, the contour of the face, which may be angular, right-lined, concave, convex, etc., etc.; secondly, the nose, which may be aquiline, Roman, parrot's-beak, Grecian, bulbous, bottle, or snub; thirdly, the mouth may be pouting, underhung, blubber, shark's-mouth, or bone-box; fourthly, the chin may be convex-advancing, convex-retiring, cucumber chin, or nut-crackers; then, fifthly, the eyes will vary according to their position, so that a right line drawn through their pupils and corners will intersect the line of the nose at right angles, or, they may deviate from such a position by forming an angle upwards or downwards, as do the eyes of the Chinese and Tartars; or they may be too near together or too far apart; or they may be goggle-eyes of extraordinary size, or mere slits—may be protruding or deep sunk in the head, etc. "The mouth and eyes," he says, "are the features which chiefly express the passions; thus, an open mouth with elevated eyebrows marks astonishment and terror. The protruded under lip and contracted eyebrows express anger; the corners of the mouth drawn up, laughing, and drawn down, weeping. When you wish to draw a face from recollection you must well commit it to memory, by parsing it in your mind (as schoolboys term it), by naming the contour and different species of features of which it is constructed, as scholars point out the different parts of speech in a Latin sentence." Then he gives an illustration in a couple of heads, parsing them feature by feature. It does not seem to us very likely that any would-be caricaturist ever profited much by these curious instructions, seeing that caricature is what it is mainly through its wanton deviation from rules of every kind, and that reckless indulgence in the freest licence and unrestraint which are its most amusing characteristics.

The first of Hogarth's pictorial dramas was "The Harlot's Progress," finished in 1734, which was followed by the "Rake's Progress" in 1735. Ten years later, in 1745, came the "Marriage à la Mode"; the series of "Industry and Idleness" at consecutive intervals; and after them came the strangely revolting subjects of "The Four Stages of Cruelty." The last of these dramatic series, which he gave to the world in 1754, were the four "Election" pictures. Other remarkable works, published at intervals between the appearances of the above, were—the "Southwark Fair," published in 1733; the "Modern Midnight Conversazione," about 1734; the "Strolling Actresses in a Barn," which appeared in 1738; the four fine plates of "Morning," "Evening," "Noon," and "Night;" the "Enraged Musician," in 1741; the "Distressed Poet," about the same time; and the "March to Finchley," one of the very best of his works, published in 1750. We have no adequate space for any detailed description of these admirable performances, much less for remarking upon his numerous other works, most of which are well worthy of study as abounding in manifestations of his singular talent. We must limit ourselves to a few remarks upon Hogarth as a painter dealing with form and colour; and we do this the rather because his reputation as a satirist, an engraver, and a disseminator of popular pictures, has in a manner eclipsed the fame which he fairly won by his labours at the easel. In the first place, Hogarth drew as no Englishman had ever drawn

before him. He drew everything that came in his way; he shirked no difficulty, but met and surmounted them all with an ease and freedom that astonished the candid observer. There is no conceivable attitude of the human body—no expression of the human countenance, which he has not rendered with consummate mastery. His grouping is even more admirable than his drawing, and the more numerous the figures he introduces in his crowded canvas, the more manifest is his skill in combining them so that

is the judicious blending of blue and blue greys with the carnation tints that forms the chief charm in the colouring of Hogarth's contemporaries and immediate successors, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, etc., who together make up the finest school of English portrait painters. That method of colour has long disappeared from English art, hardly a trace of it being visible in the modern exhibitions. Our painters seem to have sacrificed colour for the sake of obtaining force; we have been dazed and dazzled



THE DISTRESSED POET.

each and all should contribute to the general effect. His errors in outline were so few and insignificant, that it were ungracious to notice them, considering the enormous quantity of work he did. It has been objected that his drawing was not delicate or refined, but the truth is that he had delicacy and refinement at command when they were required—witness those of his female figures representing innocence and blamelessness; the poor wife of the distressed poet; the tragedy queen in the barn; the country girl, in the first plate of the "Harlot's Progress," and a score of like instances in which feminine charms are portrayed with a feeling and simplicity hardly to be surpassed. Then, as to colour. Hogarth had a theory of colour, to which he gave publicity in his "Analysis of Beauty." He asserted that the whole secret lay in the ability to combine successfully a certain amount of blue in the flesh tints. It is not for us to say how far he was right, but we venture to assert that he was not far wrong. At any rate it

with positive hues in overwhelming brightness, and have missed the repose and modesty of nature—a change not at all for the better, and one for which we suspect Turner was in a great measure responsible, for though he painted landscape mainly, the effect of his fiery tones was to kill anything else that happened to be in juxtaposition with his work. We are glad to see that, in a considerable degree, this preference for mere force over naturalness has abated within the last few years. As a master of the material he used, Hogarth was an example to students. He never starved his pallet, as is too much the habit of painstaking limners; and he never laid on heaps of unnecessary paint for the sake of a factitious effect. Excellent examples of honest easel work are the series of "Marriage à la Mode," which any one may see in the Kensington Museum; but better still, as showing the freedom of his hand, the boldness of his touch, and the general decision of his handling, are the four paintings of the "Election"

series, in Sir John Soane's Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Looking at these masterpieces, and recognising their admirable execution, one can hardly help regretting that Hogarth ever engraved at all, and did not spend his whole time at the easel.

The main characteristic of Hogarth's works is their extreme fidelity to the facts of his age—a fidelity the result, of course, of his ever-active, all-embracing observation, and his ready faculty for delineating everything he saw. Another quality hardly less patent in the mass of his productions, is the broad humour which in a manner blunted the edge of his satire, and not seldom, it must be conceded, provokes a smile where censure is due. Let us glance at one or two of his pictures, and note how the observation that "missed nothing" ministers to his satirical humour. In the "Distressed Poet," for instance, the miserable tagger of rhymes is seen in a garret, where the cracked ceiling, mildewed walls, and rugged flooring tell of decay and exposure to weather. He sits half-clad on the side of the bed, and is occupied, amidst the squalors of poverty, in composing a poem on "Riches." Over his head hangs a map of the Mines of Peru. He has accomplished part of his task, but now the milkwoman has thrown open the door and is clamorous for the payment of her score; the noise she makes has roused the baby, who sets up a squall, so that the ideas of the poor poet are put to flight, and it is in vain that he endeavours to recall them. His wife, a charmingly interesting figure, is mending an indispensable garment, and looks up with a face of sad yet resigned expostulation at the noisy creditor whom she is unable to satisfy. On the floor are the poet's sword and dress coat, on which latter lies the cat with a couple of kittens. All the edible stores of the establishment consist of a fragment of a loaf and a pot of tea on the mantel-piece; and in the empty cupboard, the door of which stands open, nothing is visible save a solitary mouse searching in vain for a crumb—while, alas for the family dinner! a foraging dog who has followed the milkwoman is seizing the single chop which the anxious wife had contrived to wring from the butcher, and left inadvertently on a chair. Other accessories, no less suggestive, we need not recapitulate. Turn now to two of the "Election" pictures. In the "Polling" we have an old soldier who has lost three of his limbs in the service of his country, who is forbidden to vote, because the law requires him to lay his right hand on the book when he takes the oath, and he has no right hand to lay on it—said member being left in Flanders on the battle-field. At the same time a poor driveling idiot from the madhouse is allowed to vote, and a felon in fetters is brought out of gaol to swear for him; further, a poor moribund creature swathed in a blanket is lugged from his dying bed to record his vote for the "right man." In "Chairing the Member," one of the very best of Hogarth's pieces, we have the successful candidate raised in a chair on the shoulders of four men. Over his head soars a goose, a parody on the eagle that was said to have hovered over the head of Alexander the Great at the battle of the Granicus. Two of the foreground figures have quarrelled, and one of them, swinging a flail to strike his adversary, sends the full force of it against the skull of one of the bearers, and disables him, so that the exalted senator is in the act of falling to the ground. A lady is swooning with terror at the sight, while two infant chimney-sweeps who have climbed the gate-posts of a churchyard are grinning with

delight as they affix a pair of gingerbread spectacles to a carved death's head. A litter of pigs are scuttling away from the mob; one has tumbled into the water, and the rest, with their mother, are about to follow. A soldier who has just finished a pugilistic bout is putting on his clothes and regaling his nose with snuff. In the background are evidences of the customary stimulants to patriotism, in the shape of a barrel of beer drunk out, into which a thirsty subject has inserted his head to drink up the lees, while another barrel is being brought forward to supply its place. In a tavern room overlooking the scene are a jovial party of lawyers waiting the repast which a triad of cooks are bringing for their refection. In the distance the shadow of the other successful candidate is projected on the wall of a building, and a second edition of the mob is surging around him. All this tumult and action is comically contrasted by the tranquil expression in the face of the blind fiddler in the foreground, who, entranced by the sweet strains of his instrument, is blissfully insensible to the surrounding din.

One of the most amusing (as it is certainly one of the most felicitous both in design and execution) of Hogarth's occasional pieces is the "Laughing Audience." Never, surely, was laughter so happily portrayed as in the eleven heads here drawn to the life. The expression is totally different in each one of them; all are laughing at the top of their bent, giving unrestrained expression to their mirth—with the single exception of one man, who is trying hard to suppress his laughter, but laughs inwardly in spite of himself, nevertheless. The effect is materially heightened by the contrast between the laughers on the benches below and the genteel persons in the boxes above, persons of ton, whose risible faculty was used up long ago; and is still further heightened by the stolid indifference of the three case-hardened musicians in the orchestra, whose serious vocation is crochets and quavers. It is well worth while to con these laughing faces closely; he must have been but a lax observer who does not recognise in each one of them traits he has often seen before.

The most unfortunate event of Hogarth's life was his diverging from the walk of the social satirist, and attaching himself to a political party as a caricaturist. He did wrong—but the penalty he endured was cruelly disproportioned to the offence. As a general censor it was inevitable that he should make enemies among those who from time to time had winced under the lash of his galling satire; and the number was not small of those who were watching for the opportunity of assailing him with advantage. At the close of 1753 he published his "Analysis of Beauty," in which he maintained the proposition that the waving line was the true line of beauty; and in the same work he took the opportunity of criticising the works both of ancient and modern masters from his own practical point of view. The connoisseurs, who were in no humour to be instructed (connoisseurs never are), took offence at his candid utterances, and, knowing nothing themselves, accused him of ignorance. Their example was followed by a crowd of the brothers of the brush, among whom Paul Sandby stood foremost, few of whom were worthy to grind colours for the "great painter of mankind," and who, acting according to their natural mongrel instinct, assailed with every species of insult the brilliant genius which they had not the sense to appreciate, much less the capacity of emulating. It

is not probable that the attacks of this snarling and envious crew affected Hogarth very profoundly; he seems to have left them pretty much to their own devices—conscious, it may be inferred, that he was right, as he certainly was right in his theory of the waving line, which ever must be the outline of natural grace and beauty. But the case was far different when old friends turned against him, and he became a mark for the ridicule, the sarcasm, the gross abuse of those he had been accustomed to respect and esteem.

In 1757, on the death of his Majesty's sergeant-painter, Hogarth, very possibly at the recommendation of Lord Bute, succeeded to the office, to which was attached a small salary. This was jealously resented by the fraternity of his opponents, who jeeringly described him as the King's chief panel-painter, and of course caricatured him in that capacity. But to all this Hogarth could afford to remain indifferent; it was not to professional envy, but to political hatred and personal rancour, that he was destined to succumb.

On the accession of George III, in 1760, Hogarth imprudently, and, as appears by his own avowal, with a view to his own pecuniary advantages, entered the arena of political caricature in the cause of his patron Lord Bute. Bent on doing some "*timed thing*," to stop a gap in his income, he resolved to attack the great minister Pitt, who had recently resigned office and gone over to the Opposition. Wilkes, who had hitherto been friendly with Hogarth, hearing of his resolve, called upon him with a view to induce him to relinquish his design, and finding him obstinately determined to carry it out, threatened him with retaliation. The caricature appeared in September, 1762; it was called "*The Times*," No. 1, intimating a continuation in the same view. "The principal features of the picture," says Mr. Wright, "are these: Europe is represented in flames, which are communicating to Great Britain, but Lord Bute, with soldiers and sailors, and the assistance of Highlanders, is labouring to extinguish them, while Pitt is blowing the fire, and the Duke of Newcastle brings a barrowful of '*Monitors*' and '*North Britons*,' the violent journals of the popular party, to feed it." On the Saturday following the appearance of the print Wilkes attacked Hogarth savagely in the "*North Briton*," assailing him not only in his professional character but in his private and domestic relations. Hogarth responded with spirit, publishing without loss of time that well-known portrait of Wilkes which has consigned him to the loathing of unborn generations, in which the repulsive features of that queer patriot are reproduced with fiend-like hideousness, while the likeness is effectually preserved. The poet Churchill now took up the cudgels on behalf of his friend Wilkes, and published "*An Epistle to William Hogarth*," a bitter and scurrilous invective. Hogarth retaliated as quickly to this assailant also. "Having an old plate by me," he says, in his "*Anecdotes*," "with some parts ready, such as a background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear." This print, as many of our readers will remember, represents Churchill holding a pot of porter in one hand, while he shoulders a huge knotted club, the several knots of which are labelled *lies*, and numbered "*Lie 1*," "*Lie 2*," and so on.

Both the prints sold well, and their author was able to boast that he had realised a considerable sum by their sale. But their circulation only added to the fury of his assailants, who now swarmed on all sides. The rage and injustice of his numerous enemies ultimately effected this purpose, and crushed the courage of this great English painter. It is said that it was the hostility of Wilkes and Churchill, both of whom had formerly been his friends, that chiefly weighed upon his spirits and broke his heart. "He died," says one of his biographers, "on the 26th of October, 1764, little more than a year after the appearance of the attack of Wilkes, and with the taunts of his political, as well as his professional, enemies still ringing in his ears."

THE ELECTRESS PALATINE ELIZABETH.

THESE are so many points of great interest and importance connected with the life of the Electress Palatine Elizabeth, better known as the Queen of Bohemia, the eldest daughter of James the First, that it is remarkable that historians and biographers have not familiarised the public with the details of her career. The parliamentary title of her Majesty Queen Victoria to the throne of these realms is based on her descent from the Princess Sophia of Zell, the youngest daughter of the Electress Palatine. She is the link, the only link which expressly connects England with the great cause of Protestantism on the continent, and brings us into connection with Gustavus Adolphus and the heroes of the Thirty Years' War. She was the delight of poets and scholars in England, the general favourite of the English people, who watched her career abroad with intense interest and enthusiasm. Her life abounds with touching contrasts and vicissitudes. So to speak, she touched the very springs of public life in Germany, and indirectly her influence has been felt in the recent great events of German history. She returned to this country in her old age only to die, but there has been no Princess Royal in England who has occupied so great a position in European history. The names generally given to her, the "*Unfortunate Queen of Bohemia*," the "*Queen of Hearts*," the "*Pearl of England*," attest the strong personal interest that attached to her amid the stately march of great events.

She was a little girl, only seven years of age, when she first came to England on the accession of her father, James the First, to the English throne, on the death of Elizabeth. The great queen had been her godmother, and she was named Elizabeth after her. She was committed by her parents to the exclusive care of Lord and Lady Harrington for her nurture and education, according to a royal plan of education once popular, but which has fortunately gone quite out of vogue. She was brought up at the ancient residence of Combe Abbey with the utmost tenderness. Combe Abbey—the cloisters of the ancient monastery are still visible—is to the present day preserved pretty much in the same way as when Elizabeth inhabited it, and within its walls all the family portraits are still found which were bequeathed by Elizabeth to her chivalrous friend Lord Craven. The park is still thoroughly rural as in the old Stuart days, with its venerable trees, deer-haunted glades, and noble sheet of water. Lord

Harrington was an accomplished and a devout man, a thorough Protestant, and probably imparted that strong Protestant bias to Elizabeth's mind which fitted her for her chequered future career. She was a very clever and accomplished child; we have still her childish letters written with exquisite penmanship to her brother Henry, in English, French, and Italian. At the time of the Gunpowder Plot she narrowly escaped being seized by the insurgent Papists, and she wrote to her brother, saying, "If God be for us, who can be against us? In his keeping I will not fear what man can do." To this brother she was tenderly attached, and when she came up to London or Hampton Court, where rooms were prepared for her, opening on the garden and the river, rare meetings with him were a source of the greatest joy to both. The court poets soon began to sing the praises of Elizabeth, and such religious-minded men as Donne and Wotton would not do so insincerely. Another poet of that time says of her:—

" Oft she sat
And read her duties in the Sacred Scripture,
Or heard while her blest mother wisdom taught;
Her wisdom oft abstained from childish toys,
Virtue to learn, and think on heavenly joys."

The death of this dear brother, whose last thought was of his sister, was a cause of the keenest anguish to Elizabeth. There are some lines, written by her about this time, which have a certain pathos about them. Here is an extract:—

- " God is only excellent;
Let up to Him our love be sent;
Whose desires are set or bent
On aught else, shall much repent.
- " Let us love of heaven receive,
These are joys our hearts will heave
Higher than we can conceive,
And shall us not fail or leave.
- " Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day,
Suddenly they pass away,
And we cannot make them stay.
- " God most holy, high and great,
When in us He takes His seat,
Our delight doth make complete,
Only then we are replete.
- " What care I for lofty place,
If the Lord grant me His grace,
Showing me His pleasant face,
And with joy I end my race?
- " O my soul of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth;
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.
- " From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above;
Set thy heart and fix thy love,
Where thou purest joys shalt prove.
- " To me grace, O Father, send,
On Thee wholly to depend,
That all may to Thy glory tend;
So let me live, so let me end."

Horace Walpole might deservedly place Elizabeth on his catalogue of royal and noble authors.

The Princess Elizabeth was now engaged to the Elector Prince Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine. The great English crowds which yearly travel up the Rhine and explore its castellated heights, and visit Mannheim and Heidelberg, might profitably give their attention to the records which link these remarkable places with English history. Her parents did not much like her marrying a prince who was not of royal rank, but Elizabeth said, "I would rather espouse a Protestant count than a Catholic emperor." The prince was the son of a most devoted and earnest mother, the Princess Juliana, one of the finest characters in Germany. He had received much of his education at Sedan, a place often mentioned in the days of Frederick, and which has become much more famous in our own time. He appears to have been a religious, able, and amiable man, though hardly possessed of the courage and high qualities of his consort. James the First does not seem to have acted with much wisdom towards his daughter. He acted alternately with excessive prodigality and excessive parsimony. He spent many thousand pounds on the festivities of her betrothal, and did not repay her guardian, Lord Harrington, the vast sums he had expended on her behalf. It will afterwards be seen how the anxiety of James the First to obtain a rich Roman Catholic bride for his son Charles caused him to be cruelly neglectful and false to the cause of Protestantism in Europe.

There are few more brilliant pictures of the social life of England and Germany in the olden days than is afforded by the accounts of the festivities in England and in the Rhineland, when the Palgrave married his wife, and afterwards took her home up the Rhine to Heidelberg, his capital. The rejoicings at court were renewed all over the country, for the sympathies of the people were thoroughly with the young Elector, who was regarded as the head of the Protestant cause in Germany. As Prince Charles had then extremely delicate health, it seemed not at all unlikely that an Elizabeth the Second would hereafter occupy the English throne. Heidelberg is now a favourite resort of the English, and the view of its ruined castle, above the Neckar, has been familiarised by one of the noblest of Turner's paintings. The honest German folk everywhere poured forth with hospitable joy to welcome the fair young English princess, chief among whom were his tender pious mother-in-law, Juliana, the Dowager-Electress. England could not show her a vaster castle, nor one better situated than Heidelberg. Hitherto it had been a rock, but, to please his young wife, Frederick turned it into a fair garden. Here there was a grove of oranges and citron-trees; in another part an English orchard was reproduced; a waterfall was thrown over the rock, and the choicest exotics blossomed on its margin. The time was given up to tournaments, feastings, and amusements, and for a long time all things went as "merry as a marriage bell." This was the happiest period of Elizabeth's life, and extended to five good years of unabated peace and prosperity. During this time the famous Donne came over in the suite of Lord Dorchester, who acted as an ambassador from England. He records that he preached before the Prince and Princess Palatine on the text, "For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," Izaak

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Walton, in his "Life of Donne," says of this journey to Heidelberg that it "seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress in a foreign nation, and to be witness of that gladness which she professed to see him; who having formerly known him as a courtier was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching."

The religious and civil politics of those days were ominous of coming troubles. All over the continent a contest was raging between the Roman Catholic and Protestant communities, with which were intermixed a large variety of secular motives and animosities. A strong Protestant element had always existed in Bohemia, and Ferdinand, the elected King of Bohemia, who had also been elected Emperor of Germany, conducted himself with great intolerance and cruelty towards his Protestant subjects. As the throne was elective, the Bohemians thought they would be entitled to depose their unworthy sovereign, and elect another in his room. They offered the crown to the Elector Palatine, and his wife was overjoyed at the thought. His wiser mother, Juliana, with tearful eyes sought to dissuade her son. She represented to him that he would be opposed by the whole might and power of the House of Austria, and all the Roman Catholic interest throughout Europe. It is said that Elizabeth told him that since he had married a king's daughter he should not hesitate to become a king. She said that she would rather eat dry crust at a king's table than feast on luxuries at an elector's; and it would be a glorious thing to be queen if for the briefest space, and that she would part with all her jewels in a righteous cause. Archbishop Abbot had written to tell her that the cause was just and that her husband was following the guidance of Divine Providence. Frederick himself was in a great strait. "Alas!" he said, "if I accept the crown I shall be accused of ambition, if I reject it I shall be branded with cowardice!" "My only aim in this matter," he elsewhere writes, "is to employ all that I have in this world for the service of Him who has given it to me."

We may believe now, with the historian Schiller, that the immense gains of the Thirty Years' War to the true progress of Germany have fully compensated even for those extreme miseries which it caused. The acceptance of the crown was the beginning of troubles. If they reckoned on the support of King James of England they were to be woefully disappointed, for James stigmatised the conduct of the Bohemians as rebellion, and he was so much absorbed in his desire that Charles should marry the Infanta of Spain, that he did not dare to offend the kindred house of Austria. Frederick and Elizabeth were successively crowned as king and queen at Prague; and at Prague was born Prince Rupert, destined to play such a brilliant part in our own history. For a time they reigned magnificently at Prague, but the horizon was dark with fears, and the dense Austrian armies were moving upon the city. A great battle was fought on the White Mountains, near the city, which proved altogether disastrous to Frederick and his host. So ended the famous battle of Prague, that has been immortalised in the descriptions of Schiller. It was not only that the battle was lost, but in Prague itself

there was disaffection and distrust. Frederick thought it best to withdraw immediately. In such haste was their retreat made that he left behind him the insignia of the Garter, and his wife some of the most necessary articles of her wardrobe. If Elizabeth's better motives for urging the acceptance of the Bohemian crown had been stained by ambition she was punished for her mistake. She now took her last view of Prague; she was never to return. As Frederick lifted his wife into the carriage, he said with a deep sigh, "I now know where I am. We princes seldom learn the truth till we are taught it by adversity." Then the carriage rolled away over the great bridge that spans the river. Their journey to Breslau, over rough roads and through a heavy fall of snow, was perilous and attended with real hardships, which Elizabeth bore with the spirit of a heroine; her great skill in the chase, learned at Combe and continued at Heidelberg, stood her in good stead. She then wrote to her father, imploring his assistance, and that he would not abandon her husband's cause. "As for myself, I am resolved not to leave him, and if he must perish, why I will perish also." The good mother-in-law, Juliana, though she had never approved of Elizabeth's advice, was never estranged from her, and she strove to console her children by impressing upon them that all these afflicting events were ordained by Providence for some great and salutary purpose, and as such to be received with no less gratitude than submission. It was not only that the Bohemian crown was lost, but with it the hereditary dominions of the Palatine were lost as well. It is even said that Frederick revisited Heidelberg in disguise, that he might recover a small quantity of gold that had been left there. His enemies overspread the whole palatinate, and he was formally deprived of his dignity as an elector. Elizabeth now retreated into Holland, which in those days was the common asylum of those who were unfortunate or persecuted for the faith, and her husband for a time took refuge with his uncle at Sedan. Among the letters sent to her was one from the noble old diplomatist, Sir Thomas Rowe: "Most excellent lady, be your own queene; banish despaires and feares; be assured the cause in which you suffer cannot perish; if God had not planted it, it had long since been rooted out. Vouchsafe to remember the motto of the last eternally-glorious Elizabeth: 'This is done of the Lord, and it is wonderful in our eyes.' So shall the day of your returne be to these honours which you, above all princes, merit."

We cannot follow the broad stream of history. The Bohemian war became a German war, and the German war became a European war. The craft and cruelty of Ferdinand mainly caused the Thirty Years' War. Thirty thousand flaming towns and villages bear witness to the horrors of that war. The world became acquainted with the great names of Mansfeldt, Wallenstein, and Gustavus Adolphus. Elizabeth named her youngest child after the great Swedish Protestant hero. The old enthusiasm for the cause of the Palatinate was not lost in England. Six thousand of our English islanders were found on the side of the Protestants. In that great camp everywhere reigned order, obedience, and morality, which accounted for the wonderful success of Gustavus. An affecting story is told of the Swedish army before the battle of Leipsic. The soldiers begged a celebrated minister to preach to them, and placed a drum before him as a pulpit. The clergy-

man looked out upon the battle-field, dark to the horizon with countless hosts, ready to engage in deadly struggle. He could only say, "My brethren, yonder is the enemy!" and then pointing upward, "There is God! Pray!" He then buried his face in his hands and remained silent, and the soldiers sank down, as one man, upon their knees. This was at the great battle of Leipsic, which ended in the victory of the Protestants.

In the year 1630 the royal couple had their twelfth child. It was a girl, who was christened Sophia. In the same year her brother Charles had his first-born, who had so long to wait for his heritage of the three kingdoms, afterwards Charles II. Frederick and Elizabeth, in their poverty-stricken and dependent position, were ill able to cope with this addition to their burdens, and seem to have had a full share of the cares and anxieties of life. The fate of the little cousins was widely different. But in the process of time the circumstances of the contrast have been quite reversed. There came the final expulsion of the Stuart family from England, but the poor little girl became afterwards the Duchess of Brunswick, the mother of George I, the ancestress of Queen Victoria. In the meantime it would be only tedious and embarrassing to follow the disappointments and sorrows of Frederick and Elizabeth. Their greatest sorrow was in the death by drowning of their eldest son. It seems that on his deathbed James I repented of his selfish inaction towards the interests of his daughter, and earnestly recommended her cause to his son and successor. Charles did all he could for his sister until he was quite disabled by his own misfortunes. The Elector Frederick died of a fever in 1632. His wife was absent in his last illness, and he said that if he could only see her once more he would die content. The poor wife was completely prostrated by this terrible blow, and continued in utter stupor for some days.

From the period of her husband's death she never left off black, and the walls of her rooms were hung with black. Evelyn, who visited her in 1641, speaks of her sorrow for her irretrievable loss. She had her private sorrows. Her portionless daughters were again and again discarded by suitors attracted in the first instance by their talents and beauty. The civil troubles in England, culminating in the execution of her beloved brother, affected her in many ways most seriously. In 1644 she lost her mother-in-law, Juliana, the Dowager Electress. On her dying bed the Electress told her daughter to write to the Queen of Bohemia, and say that she was sorry to be too weak to answer her letters, but that she prayed earnestly for her, and should love her to the last: "Let her know how much from my inmost heart and soul I have loved and honoured her, and that I declared these sentiments in the hour of death." The perversion of one of her children to Rome afflicted her sorely. She wrote to her eldest son saying that she would rather have died than see a child of hers abandon the Protestantism in which he had been so carefully trained. In the year 1648—the year which witnessed the execution of Charles and the consequent suspension of her pension—the great treaty of Westphalia was made, so long the basis of the public law of Europe, by which the exiled Palatine family were restored to a portion of their hereditary estates.

And now at last, in her old age, there were brighter prospects for the poor disrowned queen. The first

gleam, and perhaps the brightest, was the marriage of her daughter Sophia to the Prince Ernest Augustus of Hanover, a younger brother of the house of Hanover. She was of a happy disposition and brilliant talents, and the young couple appear to have been most sincerely attached to one another. Elizabeth had been so poor that she had been unable to have her daughter with her at home, but the young bride was independent, and came to visit her mother, and stayed with her a whole winter while her husband was in Italy. She was still with her at the Hague when the great event of the restoration of the Stuarts took place. Deputations of congratulations waited on her, in one of which was old Pepys, who describes her as a "very *débonnaire* but a plain lady." There were perhaps only scanty remains of the wit and beauty of forty years before. A better testimony to her merits is to be found in a sermon on "Happy Poverty," which one Dr. Sprigge dedicated to her in the winter of 1660. He says: "I remember with what pleasure I have heard it told that your highness' court hath been in all these last days of sorrow a sanctuary to the afflicted, a chapel for the religious, a refectory to them that were in need, and a great dispensation of all men and all things that were excellent."

After the absence of so many years, Elizabeth was to touch English earth once more. Her friends thought that her interests would be overlooked, that large sums voted to her by the Parliament would be unpaid, unless she were on the spot and near her fickle nephew. She knew she would not be a welcome visitant, but she came notwithstanding. Her generous and chivalrous friend, Lord Craven, had placed at her disposal his house in Drury Lane. The Strand and Drury Lane were then the most fashionable localities in London. Craven House was one of the most remarkable features of Old London, and was not taken down till 1809. She afterwards removed to a residence which became still more famous in early Georgian history, Leicester House. Charles II was not a man likely to care very much for his aged aunt, but she was doubtless a salutary influence, and the Londoners had a feeling of reverential affection for her. There is an interesting mention of her in these days in the papers of an Italian ambassador, the Marquis Durazzo, of Venice. He says: "This princess has learned from nature, and continued through the changes of her fortune, an incomparable goodness, and people ever turn away from her with profit and applause." He speaks of the "lustre of that affable manner with which she wonderfully conciliates the esteem and love of the court."

She had, however, come to England only to die. She was hardly settled in Leicester House when she was seized with an illness which looked serious from the first. Charles was sorry that his aunt, a daughter of England, the only lady of the blood-royal, should live in a hired house, and offered her apartments at Whitehall, but she was too dangerously ill to be removed. She settled, so far as she could, all her much-disturbed worldly affairs, and made her will, in which she left her pictures and papers to her faithful friend, Lord Craven, who deposited them at Combe Abbey, where they still remain. Then she requested that the holy sacrament might be administered, "and prepared herself for her dying hour with the same calm and steadfast reliance upon God which had been her support through life. In a few hours' time

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it would have been the anniversary of her wedding-day." Lord Leicester wrote: "It is a pity that she lived not a few hours more to die upon her wedding-day, and that there is not so good a poet to make her epitaph as Dr. Donne, who wrote her epithalamium upon that day unto St. Valentine."

It is remarkable that with her large family of sons her male heirs died in the second generation. Elizabeth's daughters were worthy of the fame and genius of their mother. One was considered the most learned lady, another the greatest artist, and the most accomplished princess of European royal houses. One of her lineal descendants is the young Comte de Paris. The only surviving child of her eldest son was the Duchess of Orleans, progenitress of Louis Philippe. As we have seen, through her youngest child, she was the ancestress of Queen Victoria. A monument erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey is almost a landmark in our history, linking together some of the worthiest memories of Germany and England.

SCALA SANTA AT ROME.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER always leaps up, like a Jack-in-the-box, in defence of any popish absurdity, when it is attacked by history or common sense. In the report of a recent visit to Rome by a body of Baptists, it was mentioned that the Scala Santa was viewed with deep interest as the scene of Luther's first perception of the folly of Romish superstition, for it was while creeping up these steps the words came to his conscience, "The just shall live by faith." Sir George Bowyer wrote to the "Times" that the ascent of the Scala Santa by pilgrims was no superstitious ceremony, but a laudable tribute of reverence to steps on which the feet of the Redeemer had once stood. "These massive marble steps were removed from Jerusalem to Rome by the Empress Helena, and they are the steps which led to the court in which Pontius Pilatus sat."

Dr. Benisch, the learned Jewish professor, replied that "Sir George would certainly oblige all who take an interest in Jewish antiquities if he would bring forward the evidence on which he rests this statement. My difficulties in the way of receiving this statement as an undoubted fact are very great.

"The Empress Helena, wife of Constantius Chlorus and mother of Constantine the Great, flourished in the early part of the fourth century, consequently at least 230 years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. Now, whether the court in which Pontius Pilatus sat was situated in the Palace of Herod, as some think, or in the fortress Antonia, where the Roman garrison was stationed, as others believe, palace and fortress, it can be shown, entirely perished during the war which terminated so disastrously for the Jewish people.

"Josephus ('Wars of the Jews,' Vol. iv.), having given a description of Jerusalem as it was before the catastrophe, and especially dwelt upon the splendour of the palace of Herod, says:—

"But, indeed, it is impossible to give a complete description of these palaces, and the very remembrance of them is a torment to one, as putting one in mind what vastly rich buildings that fire which was kindled by the robbers hath consumed, for these were not burnt by the Romans, but by these internal

plotters. . . . The fire began at the Tower of Antonia, and went on to the palaces."

"From the same authority we also learn that Fort Antonia likewise became a prey of the flames, partly kindled by the Romans, and partly by the Jews. But even if the flames had left some remains, every vestige of them must have been obliterated by the special orders given by Titus after the complete conquest of the doomed city. For we are told by the same authority (Book vii., 1), 'Caesar (Titus) gave orders that they (the soldiers) should now demolish the entire city and temple.' Only the towers Phasaelis, Hippicus, and Marianne, as well as a portion of the wall, were to be left standing. Josephus then continues:—'But for all the rest of the wall it was so thoroughly laid even with the ground by those who dug it up from the foundation that there was left nothing to make those that came thither believe it had ever been inhabited.'

"How, after such a thorough destruction, 'these massive marble steps' could have escaped the hands of the demolisher, passes my comprehension.

"It is a fact established beyond all doubt, referred to both by the Rabbis and the Fathers of the Church, that, in consequence of the rising of the Jews under Bar-Koeba, Jerusalem, which had been partly restored by the Jews after Titus, was retaken by the generals of Hadrian, and utterly demolished. The ruin was this second time even more complete than under Titus.

"It is true that, at the command of Hadrian, the city was rebuilt under the name of *Elia*. But Jews and Christian Jews (the latter were then still confounded with the former) were strictly excluded from New Jerusalem ('Euseb. Ecclesiast. Hist.,' iv., 6). This prohibition was still in operation in the days of Jerome (see his commentary on Zeph., 1), who died in 420. The inhabitants of Jerusalem were then all of Gentile extraction. The chain of tradition, therefore, between the age of Hadrian and that of Constantine was totally broken.

"How, consequently, can it be maintained that 'that court and these steps must have been as well known' (I suppose Sir George means in the days of Constantine) 'as Westminster Hall here'?

"While, therefore, admitting the possibility that the Scala Santa may be identical with the marble steps removed by St. Helena from Jerusalem to Rome, I cannot accord equal credence to the second part of his statement until evidence be brought forward by Sir George Bowyer showing that these steps are the same up and down which Jesus walked when conducted before the judgment seat of Pontius Pilate."

Sir George Bowyer's credulous notions as to the Scala Santa also will illustrate the way in which Romish superstition plays into the hands of infidelity. The Bible very clearly states various predictions that Jerusalem should be utterly demolished. "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Zion shall be ploughed like a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps" (Jeremiah xxvi. 18, Micah iii. 12). And our Lord, coming out of the Temple, said, "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down" (Mark xiii. 2). Yet "good Catholics," like Sir George Bowyer, affirm that the stones of the Scala Santa were removed by Helena to Rome, as they also believe that the house of the Virgin Mary was transported by an angel from Bethlehem to Loretto!

Varieties.

HOLSETOP GARDENS.—Housetop gardens have not attained to the importance predicted of them in the days when the lowering of the price of glass brought that useful article into demand for a thousand uses unthought of previously. But a sufficient number of examples are to be found, in London, for example, to suggest that the covering of roofs with glass will in a few years become common. The photographers have given an impetus to the enterprise by showing how sunlight, previously wasted on unsympathetic tiles, could be utilised for the advantage of mankind. A housetop garden not only provides a source of pleasure, and it may be even of profit, in itself, but it adds materially to the comfort of a dwelling by equalising the temperature of the upper rooms. By screening the sunshine from the roof, the suffocating heat that often prevails in the height of summer is abolished, and in the depth of winter the chambers nearest the roof are some degrees warmer than they would be were the roof exposed to the chilling influence of wind and frost and snow.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

LADY MURCHISON.—How much Sir Roderick Murchison owed to his wife is well known to the readers of his memoir, from which we give an extract:—“Clermont, Norfolk, Nov. 5, 1862, 1 p.m. Alas! the telegram received calls me to my dear wife's sick bed at Brighton. What a painful suspense, and what a journey I have before me! What happy retrospect and what a sad prospect! I look to her as having been my safeguard and guardian angel for forty-six years. She first inured me with a love of science and weaned me from some follies of the world. She accompanied me in the three or four first years of my geological career by land and by water; she sketched for me, collected fossils for me, and encouraged me onwards. Even when I was working at my Silurian system twenty years and upwards after our marriage she was often by my side; and from those days to these, when unable from feeble health to accompany me, she has been my best adviser, and my infinite solace when I returned to my own fireside. Her goodness, her deep sense of religion, and her practical benevolence, devoid of all cant and profession, have often made me reflect with sincere sorrow of my unworthiness of her, of my vanity and love of the world and of its pleasures, as contrasted with her humility and true Christian piety. I ought to be a much better man than I am after so many years of so good an example before me.”

BIG “I’s.”—Mr. Moody, in one of his addresses, said:—“The Pharisee's prayer contained thirty-four words, with five capital ‘I’s,’ which reminded the speaker of the sermon which was so full of capital ‘I’s,’ that the printer, in putting it into type, had to borrow these letters from other establishments. The Publican's prayer, though it was composed of seven words, contained more than many of our prayers which extend to half-an-hour.”

SAFE DEPOSIT BUILDING.—The new building of the National Safe Deposit Company occupies a very prominent position near the Mansion House, standing by itself on the triangular piece of land (probably the most valuable piece of land in the world) lying to the west of the Lord Mayor's residence. Of this building, only the ground-floor and the vaults beneath are, we understand, to be devoted to the business of the company, the upper storeys being to let as offices. This ground-floor presents no peculiar features, but from that floor, to a depth of nearly fifty feet beneath the pavement of Queen Victoria Street, the premises of the National Safe Deposit Company are very peculiar indeed. A broad circular staircase leads from the offices to the first of the “safe” floors, and the ladies' waiting-room (an apartment of course lighted only by gas) is on the staircase. Then we pass on into the first of a descending series of rooms, fitted round the sides with boxes very similar in character and size to those with which electors have become familiar in the exercise of their vote by ballot. There are about fifteen of these boxes in each room where customers can detach their coupons, or deal in any way they please, unobserved, with the contents of their boxes. From this room, in which there is a considerable open space, one steps on to a gallery which runs round the “safes,” which on each floor are divided into eight strong-rooms, each room being guarded by a door of iron grating. These safes or strong-rooms are each about the size of a large wine-cellar, and are divided on either side of the central passage into cells, each cell closed with a double-locked door. These cells, of which there are 667 in each strong-room, are of different

sizes and prices, varying from about six inches square to about two feet square, the depth of all being the same, about two feet. The lowest price per annum for a place of safe deposit will be £2 10s. for the size we have called six-inch, and the highest £30 for the two-feet size. The divisions are, of course, all of iron, and each cell contains an inner case like a japanned cash-box, in which the customer will deposit, and, when he pleases, at once draw out all his papers. This exactly fits the cell, and the key of it is, of course, in the depositor's custody, but the outer door of every cell (and, as there are 667 in each room, there are eight times that number, or 5,336 on the floor) has two keys—one for the customer, the other being retained by the company, to insure the attendance of one of the officers when the box is visited.

“GOOD REGENT” MURRAY.—The Commissioners of Supply of the county of Linlithgow have agreed to erect a memorial tablet with medallion likeness of the Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland, who was shot by James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, nephew of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, in the year 1570. The memorial is to be affixed to the north wall of the Sheriff Court House, opposite the place in the street where the Regent was slain.

BUDD, THE FATHER OF CRICKET.—Mr. Edward Hayward Budd died this spring at the age of ninety. He shared with Lord Frederick Beauclerc and Mr. William Ward the credit of being the best amateur cricketer of the early part of the present century, and was in some respects superior to either of his memorable rivals. One of the best fields and bowlers of his day, he was certainly the hardest hitter, and performed many a wonderful feat, including a hit out of Lord's old ground, where Dorset Square now stands, in a Surrey and England match, in 1808; and a forward drive for nine, fairly fielded and run out, on Woolwich Common. He first played at Lord's in September, 1802, was chosen in gentlemen players in 1806, and continued the game for fully fifty years, playing well to the last, and ready to take any place in the field. He and John Jackson, the celebrated pugilistic teacher of Lord Byron, were reckoned to be, about the time of Waterloo, the two best made men in England, and he stood up to the fastest bowling of his day without any further defence than an extra pair of stockings rolled down so as to protect his ankles from being severely hit. Few men have ever been so distinguished for prowess in all athletic sports, and very few have lived a healthier and happier life. In his first recorded match he played with James Aylward, who was born soon after 1740, and knew cricket from its earliest start into fame. In him we lose the last connecting link between ourselves and those who first did their best to make cricket what it now is, and the place that he filled is empty for ever. It is probable that he was at least twenty years older than any cricketer of note since W. Beldham died at ninety-six, in 1862, and that he was the last survivor of the old school of underhand bowlers, who were superseded, for all practical purposes, when James Broadbridge and W. Lillywhite introduced the present system of bowling in 1827.—*Land and Water*.

CENTENARY OF PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Americans are busily celebrating all sorts of centenary events. One of the most interesting was held in Philadelphia this spring, the centenary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. On April 14, 1775, there assembled in the Sun Tavern, in Second Street, in this city, a few men who organised the “Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery, the Relief of Free Negroes unlawfully held in Bondage, and for Improving the Condition of the African Race.” The first president of the organisation was Benjamin Franklin, and the movement, like most reforms in this locality, began among, and was chiefly promoted by, the Quakers. The yearly meetings of the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania had previously repeatedly taken action in opposition to slavery, but this organisation formed in 1775 is believed to have been the first abolition society established in America. Its earliest work was the abolition of slavery in Pennsylvania, which was successfully accomplished in 1787, and it has since steadfastly laboured in the cause which resulted in the final abolition of slavery through the Rebellion in 1865, and the subsequent admission of the negroes to suffrage and the full rights of citizenship. The Governor of Pennsylvania and the Mayor of Philadelphia were both in attendance at the anniversary.

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